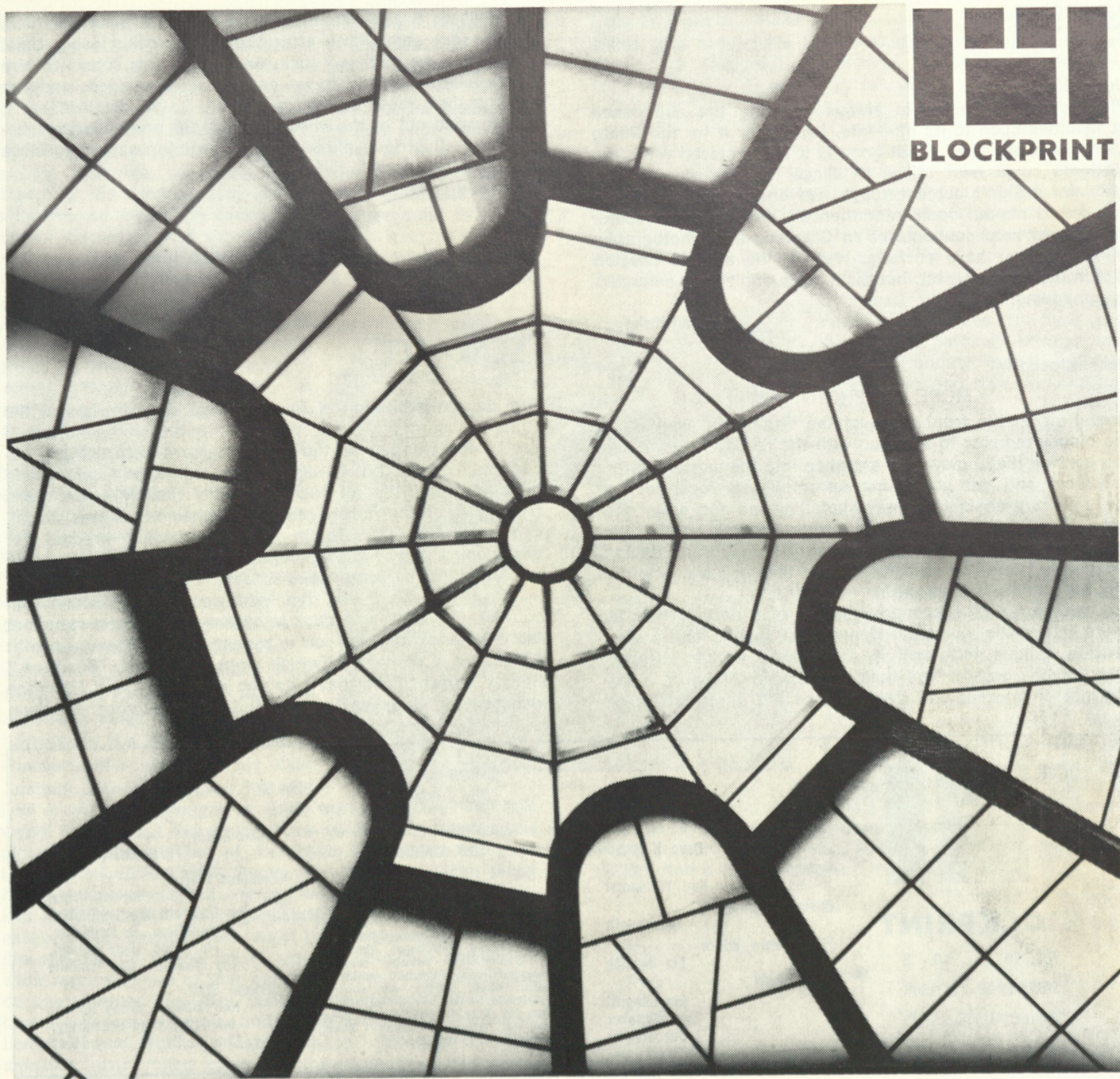




BLOCKPRINT



LETTERS

Dear Blockprint,

The School of Design is always boasting the abundance of facilities open to its students. Let's hear it for the Photo Lab (applause). Well, what good is it if it's closed when the students could best utilize it? Since the darkroom in the girls dorm didn't come through, we understood the Photo Lab would remain open later than 11 p.m. to compensate. This would help sophomores in Graphics and Photography who no longer have curfews. We may be able to develop film in the broom closet, but most of us don't have enlargers in our rooms.

— Lyn Whitaker

Dear Blockprint,

MORE ON PHOTO LAB

Here I sit on the front steps of the Photo Lab, waiting for the bloody monitor to show up with the bloody keys to open the joint so that I may gain entrance into the sanctity of the darkroom and get something accomplished regardless of the impairing obstacles always befalling me and other photography students. I have been sitting patiently for 35 minutes; pray do tell me, is this necessary? Funny thing though, the painting studios upstairs (above the lab) are open, so why not the lab downstairs?

O.K. now I realize (beyond a shadow of a doubt), that the photo lab is the worst-run department in this entire unorganized school, but isn't it about time things changed? After all, the architecture building is open 24 hours a day, why not at least extend the hours of the photo lab to en-

compass 5, 6 and 7 p.m. and maybe if we push our luck, we can get some time after the 11 o'clock closing time. And also if we push our luck, we can get this school to hire some reliable people to be around when needed, and not feeding their faces at the snack bar. Do you realize that I, was hurried out of the photo lab at 4:30 one afternoon, because an illustrious photography instructor wanted to close the lab to go home!

I rest my case.

— L. R.

"I wonder how many cops in this town will vote for Wallace?"

"SCAR-FACE"

The current exhibition of the Jazz Age caricaturists at the RISD museum . . . hm, yes . . . quite representative. I don't know whether all the museum-goers were doing it deliberately or not, but it was all very frantic and campy and "Oh Reginald! It's all such devilishly nostalgic fun. Let's try it. Why, I can hardly remember when booze was illegal, can you?" 'It' refers to, in part, the recently erected, for the opening only, I guess, "Speakeasy" housed in the main exhibition room, complete with Jazz band playing the top-ten favorites of the era, dim lights, scotch and Bourbon in coffee cups, and some guys in sleeve-garders who stands at the door and won't let you in unless you can come up with Al Capone's nickname (which happens to be "Scarface," though a lot of good that'll do you now, but . . .). Everyone was bent on thinking Thirties and having a good old time,



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and this must have been Richard Merkin's Night-of-all-Nights. The jazz Age is His Era-of-all-Eras, isn't it? And if it's not and I am wrong, then it ought to be, because his patent-elather dance pumps blended in very nicely with all of the Held, Barton and Couarrubias around the rooms, and so did the feather boa costume on the lady with him. Actually, this half of the article was supposed to be a comment on the Jazz Age, but being the off-the-top-of-my-head rap that it is, my previous description of the lighter side of this light-hearted exhibition seems a little more valid in that it shows the reaction of the typical museum-goer to the Jazz Age, which is really not such a far-off thing at all. I mean it all ties in, it really does. But then again, does anybody really seriously think of their age as THE-age-to-beat-all-ages in retrospect? You don't really think of that; Who goes around saying: "Nyah boy, in years to come, boy, my age is gonna beat your age, Nyah! Nyah! Nyah!" You really don't. You just go through it. (So much for deep philosophical profundities, um . . .). Thus did the souls of the Jazz Age. Who knew that the tempo of that age would ultimately give rise to such inspirational immortal contributions to our modern age such as "The Roaring Twenties" TV show, "Winchester Cathedral," or Richard Merkin? I mean, Who Knew? Even the art of that age was a fleeting thing: magazine covers, adverts for the New Haven Blecch Railroad, and programs for Yale Football Games. Not even the artists of that age thought of their work as something that would last. That it did at all is due mainly to resources like old dusty files, relatives of the artists themselves and guys like Dick of Dick's Used Books and Magazine Store fame. Not that 'cartoonists' of any age were considered to be artists (with a capital 'A') representative of their age by any except a few fanatical fans. What I'm wondering is, will people one day far in the future attend a museum opening of work representative of that bygone era the "Acid Age," and do camp things like wear quaint costumes of flowers and beads and peace buttons, and dance to nostalgic psychedelicismelodies in a prefabricated "disco" (Whattzat?), while smoking neatly rolled joints that the museum people amus-



ingly laid out for them on brocade attended tables, while maids pass around the peyote mushroom canapes on silver trays? "Oh, Reginald! It's all such devilishly nostalgic fun. Let's try it. Why, I can hardly remember when the stuff was illegal, can you?" Hmmm . . .

The Jazz Age that went by so fast. With pulled-down hats and out-of-sight pants. Ignomious faces with pie-plate heads. Geometric Couarrubias. Characatures by Couarrubias. With plenty of flappy-pants, ratty coats, and hot-cha jass. Everybody crowding Northwest by Held. Horses and sheep dragging their faces across the page. Playlands of the great maps by John Held, Jr. with little little notes.

Schmeres at the Impressionists. Faces of the places. The New York skyline is **nothing** without the Chrysler Building, Muriel. Intimate LIFE covers and New Yorker Mag. scenes-of-the-times. "Broadway Intellectuals — 1927" and "Dancing Sketches," sharing the same corner. G. B. S. and God the Father, tramping thru America, o yeah. Stylized Held. Stylized era. Gauguin was diced and Cezanne was peached. Everybody came formal, tho they didn't believe it. Barton drew them all. Washed-in people, skies, places. All-night Chinatown. Dynamic jet-expulsion lapels. Camp under the stars. Anyone from 18 to 81 doing the time of their life in a decade. Vanity Fair peacocks, LIFE Mag. flappers, Anita Loos goldiggers. Very la-de-da and ain't it fun? A Noah's ark of dum-dum shoes and polecat coats. John Held's autobiography interpolated into the margins of his prints. Bootleggers with double-whoopie under their hats. Knock-kneed virgins with 23 skidoo. And a fine how do you do to you too.

— Jinx Rubin, Phil Copp

REBELLION OF YALE MARRATT

Robert Rimmer immortalized himself in the literary world by espousing the obvious merits of multiple cohabitation in his first novel, the **Harrad Experiment**. His latest pulp, the **Rebellion of Yale Marratt**, is as poorly written as the **Harrad Experiment**, but well worth reading. Rimmer meticulously explains the circumstances which allow the epic hero, Yale Marratt, to simultaneously love and marry two women. While his wives Anne and Cynthia tend house, Yale crusades to make known a new doctrine of love which he hopes will stop the degeneration of the institution called family.

Unfortunately Rimmer writes under several handicaps. The entire novel is contrived. Yale Marratt comes from Midhaven, Connecticut, and is the son of Pat Marratt, an anti-Semetic multi-millionaire in the canning business. How ironic that Yale should marry the daughter of a Jewish tomato farmer and a Red Cross nurse that he met in the Army. Adding to the flavor of the plot are sporadic, non-titilating sex scenes with faint hints of incest, masochism, and adultery. Dynamic dialogues, such as "Yale looked longingly into Cynthia's dreamy eyes and softly whispered, 'Cindar, I love you always!,' " serve only as emetics.

Despite these inherent failings, the **Rebellion of Yale Marratt** has its redeeming qualities. In an unsubtle way Rimmer portrays the decline and fall of a social reformer. Yale becomes so involved and dedicated to his cause that his end soon justifies his means. Pat Marratt's capitalistic manipulations disgust Yale until he discovers that such practices could be financially beneficial. Soon Yale sacrifices both friend and enemy to his God-like cause. Yale's zeal finally destroys him, just as it destroyed his namesake, Jean Paul Marat.

The novel is saved by Yale's contention that society must change its conception of marriage to save the family. This "twentieth century jet-propelled Jesus Christ" contradicts society by saying that one man can love two women and live with them without psychological hangups. Essentially Yale Marratt has taken the Harrad philosophy and applied it to a different context. Everyone is not well adjusted to a monogamous existence. His mother's lifelong affair with Frank Midland and the rising divorce rate are Yale's empirical proof of his point. When his sister's marriage breaks up, Yale concludes that the marriage could have been saved if she would make the distinction between loving her husband and possessing him physically. In this way she could have understood her husband's affair and not be forced to leave her husband and children. The important aspect of this

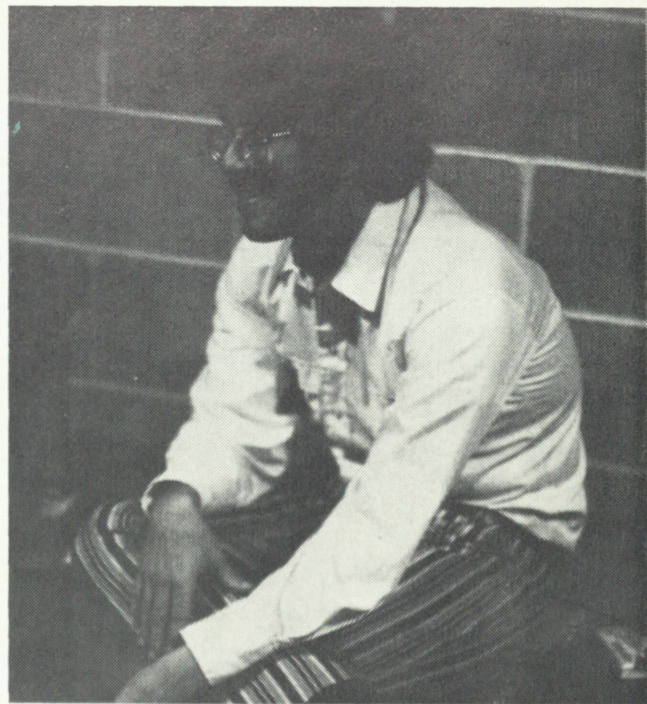


novel is that it has attempted to find a better solution to the problem of marriage. Rimmer's thoughts are refreshing and perhaps unique. But the reader cannot help wondering whether the inability to write will censure Rimmer, just as capitalism silenced Yale Marratt.

TO THE BEST OF A DIFFERENCE DANCE

Although I was not extremely happy about covering a Brownie thing on the night of a Freshman dance, I tried not to let this narrow my mind and trotted happily up to their hockey rink content with the thought of meeting Linda Ronstadt. For some still unexplainable reason we had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Stone Ponies. (For those of you who were hoping we would interview Ultimate Garbage, forget it!) We were led to a small concrete-lined locker room and found the Stone Ponies in the middle of a taped press conference with WBRU, so we sat quietly out of it, feeling terribly straight at the sight of the beaded and bedecked flower teenies running madly around the room, each one, from time to time, taking a slug from a bottle of J&B. I was about to ask someone who had let the little clod squad in when it suddenly struck me that they, indeed, were the Stone Ponies themselves. At this point, Liz and I decided that a small commentary on the events that followed would be much more worthwhile, than a Flower-based interview. Observing was not the easiest thing to do as we were constantly harrassed by some plastic head (Either a member of the group, their manager, or a "groupie," we never did find out) who, with glazed expression, asked us such thought — provoking questions as, "Are you a stonie? (he also answered them) Of course you are, I can tell, there's plenty of them around here. Risty? What's Risty?" Confronted with this frail youth, who had obviously "been to New York" and also with a lust-crazed Brownie trying to seduce our Photography Editor, it was extremely difficult to get a great deal of information. However, here are a few general observations: Linda Ronstadt was unbelievably real, no pseudo super-cool was she. The Brownie interviewer was also unbelievable. His final words to the Stone Ponies went something like this: "This next question isn't part of the interview (at which point he deftly shut his recorder off). You see I'll be graduating this June and I'm a pretty good musician, I wonder if you'd tell me who do I have to know, who should I see to bust into the music racket." Upon hearing this we decided to call it a night and left without even watching the performance. About the only thing that I can say for the Brownies is that they're consistent, but then even a pig can bring home the bacon.

— Skip Dreher



VITAL ANNOUNCEMENT

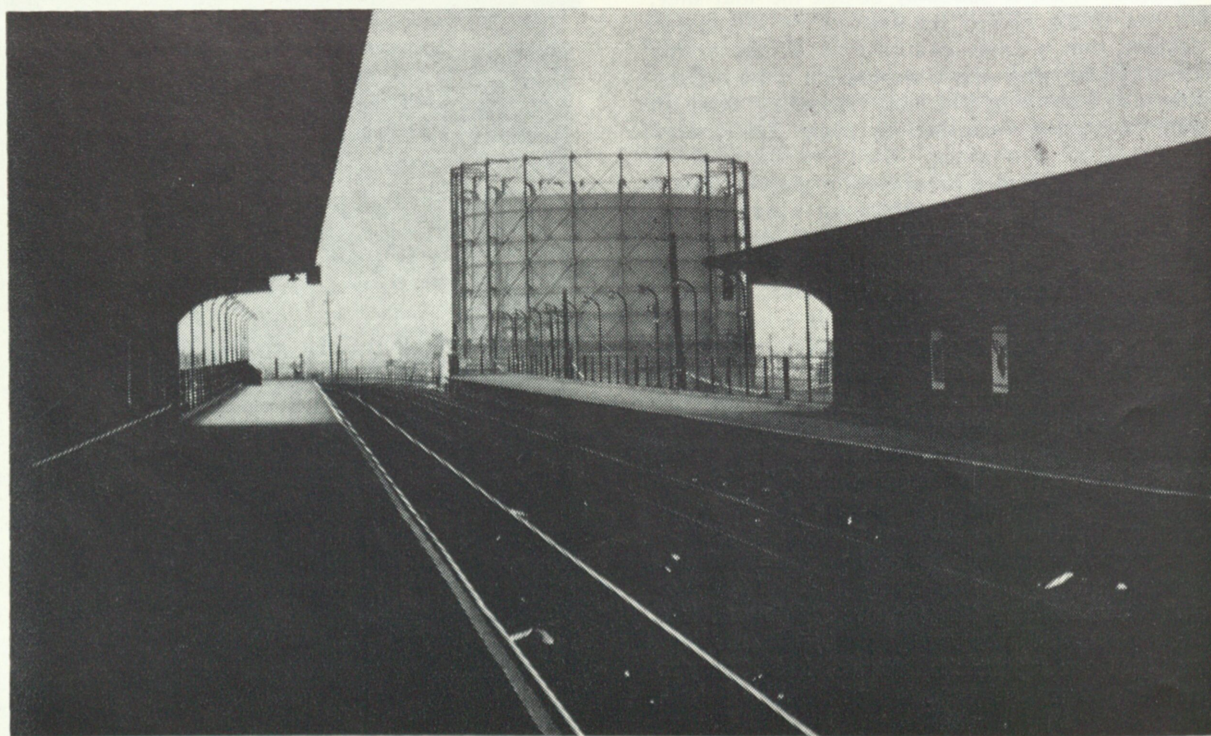
The RISD Students for Peace and Freedom met last Tuesday night for an organizational meeting. Various issues which members felt relevant in relation to RISD and our society were brought up for discussion. An important aspect of the meeting's success was the fact that discussion was steered away from moralistic meanderings and quickly moved toward specific issues and avenues of work toward specific goals.

Phil Fox brought up a petition soon to be presented to all students), on the recruiting of black students to RISD. Basically the plan calls for drawing upon funds, for scholarships, available to the student body which heretofore have been used primarily for recreational activities. We feel that this money should instead be geared toward social and cultural enrichment. Because such a program, if implemented, would radically effect operation of the student activities

program, a thorough understanding of both the intended use of the funds, and where the money will come from, is imperative. A more complete statement of the program and the SAO budget for last year will appear in next week's Blockprint.

The second issue brought up was the Peace and Freedom Movement. David Schwartzmand, a graduate student at Brown, explained their purpose, organization, and work during this past year. A Peace and Freedom Committee at Brown plans to support strikers unrepresented by unions, or who are in unions which are run by interests alien to their own. The pending strike at the **Providence Journal** is an immediate concern. If you are interested in working with or inquiring further about the Peace and Freedom Movement, contact Suzanne Simon at 421-3338.

Kate Frank is to head a committee to set up a Draft Resistance Office where students can come for information regarding lawyer help or other assistance in avoiding the draft. She would appreciate help from interested students who will be willing to collect material.



Karen Lahn is heading a committee to find and encourage speakers who should initiate discussion on issues which we feel need airing. If you know of such a speaker, please contact Karen.

Ruth Silverman is to head a committee that will provide "art services" for the Movement in Rhode Island, as well as the National Movement. She hopes to provide "on call" service for leaflet layouts, poster drawings, and photography. To do this she needs extensive help from the RISD community.

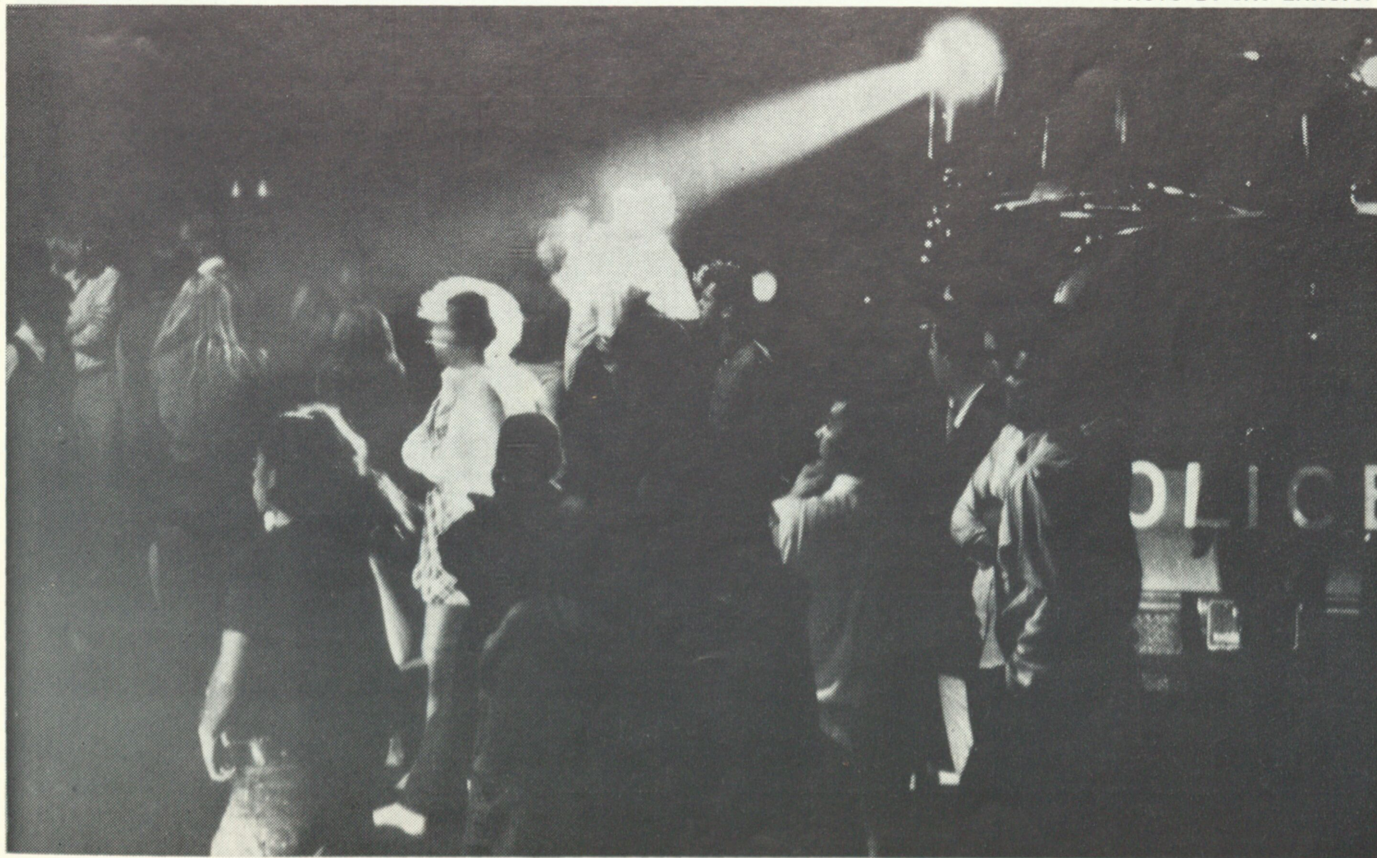
This year Students for Peace and Freedom will hold scheduled meetings every Tuesday night at 7:30 in room 425 of the College Building. If you are concerned about how RISD is controlled, about moral issues — especially these mentioned above, want to be involved in your environment,

please come with the idea of **active** participation.

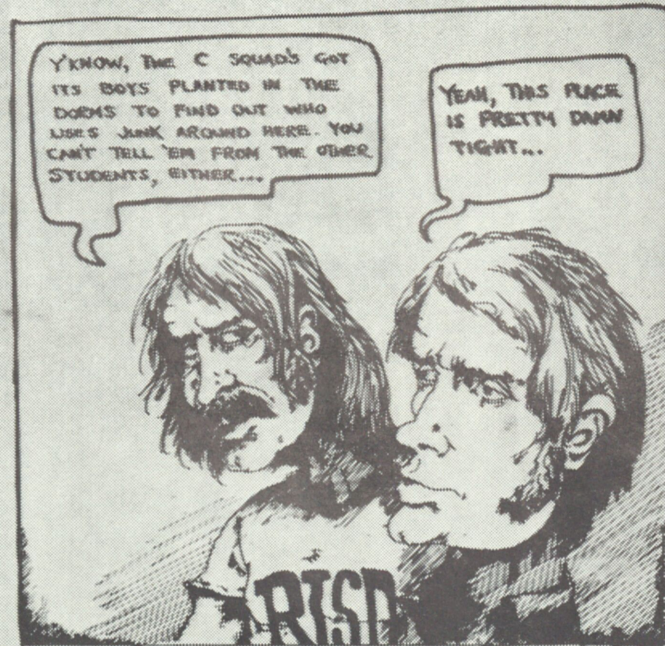
Gail Whitsitt.

FIRE AT OLIVO'S GALLERY

PHOTO BY JAY LANGFITT







SILENT VIGIL

On Wednesday, September 25 at 12:30 in the afternoon there was a silent gathering of about forty people from various colleges in the area. The Vigil was started last spring, and is held every Wednesday from twelve-thirty until one o'clock in the afternoon at the flagpole of Brown University. There was no single cause for which people gathered; rather, individuals gathered together for whatever cause they felt was worthy. However, peace in Vietnam and world peace seemed to be the reasons that attracted most people.

The Vigil was organized in hopes of attracting people from the Providence area who feel strongly enough to gather once a week. During the spring and summer of this year, there were never less than a hundred people who came, but this number seems to have dropped severely this fall. One individual's feelings for this drop in attendance were due to the discouraging events which took place this summer, such as the outcome of both the Republican and Democratic Conventions, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the riots this past spring, and a lack of knowledge that this Vigil for world peace existed. Faced with these discouraging events, many people lost hope that anything they did would help right these wrongs, especially through their participation in a silent demonstration. Thus, they neglected to follow through with the Vigil this fall. It is my feeling that it is up to each and every person who has any feeling about the development of peace in America and the rest of the world, that he should involve himself with this cause; if not actively in a group, then by coming to the flagpole at Brown University as an individual at twelve-thirty for half an hour this Wednesday. Despite some people's belief that silent dem-

My Difficulty:

To use the newspaper and the United States Employment Service to gain additional employment for myself and my models and to recruit models.

To get the Rhode Island Bar Association to refer me to a legal advisor who will help me to solve my difficulty.

Charles Francis Moccio

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BEACH CINEMA OF THE SIXTIES
Bikini Beach - Muscle Beach Party
FRIDAY, OCT. 4, Mem. Hall
7:30 P.M. Adm. 29c

onstrations have no effect, it is at least a step forward rather than none at all. This vigil in order to stay alive and become noticed, for world peace needs the support of everyone who has the time.

— Christen Johansen

ANTIQUES FOR GRABS

The largest indoor Antiques Exposition ever held in New England will be held Saturday, October 5. 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., Sunday, October 6. 12 noon to 10:00 p.m., at Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

The Exposition, composed of 150 exhibits, from antique dealers throughout New England and other areas who will offer for sale all popular periods of antiques and collectors items from those made in America, the Oriental world, Europe and other areas.

Furniture will be well represented especially American in all periods both formal and country primitive.

A full range of glass and china will be shown, outstanding being a collection of the popular Rose Medallion, Tiffany and other art glass types as well as early blown, cut and pressed glass.

Accessory items such as lamps, lamp shades and other early lighting will also be represented.

Fine paintings, prints, antique jewelry and other objects of art as well as the collectibles such as old weapons, books and documents, dolls, buttons, coins, old bottles, postcards and other paper nostalgia plus thousands of other items will make this Exposition a worthwhile visit for the homemaker, collector, decorator, investor or just the nostalgia seeker.

Being shown along with the for-sale exhibits will be a special American Indian exhibit provided by the Heffenreffer Museum of Brown University. A series of Rhode Island history exhibits plus flower displays will also be shown.

COLD SNOW

Tonight glass fireflies break into light.
Summer swarms
brought night sky down
through the woods.
Now faster
and harder to catch alive.

— Warren Woessner

OREGON LSD LEGAL

Portland, Ore. (Aug. 24) — Oregon law prohibiting the use of LSD has been ruled invalid by Circuit Court Judge Samuel Bowe.

In dismissing charges of illegal possession of LSD against James Patrick Audrey of Medford, Ore., the judge ruled that the state had not followed the proper procedure in certifying LSD as a dangerous drug.

The DA of Josephine County immediately dropped charges of illegal possession against seven other persons.

WE STILL WELCOME
CRITICISM



A CURSE ON...

A Curse on the Men in Washington,
Pentagon

om a ka ca ta ta pa ya sa svaha

As you shoot down the Vietnamese girls
and men/in their fields/Burning and
chopping,/Poisoning and blighting.

So surely I hunt the white man down/in
my heart./The crew-cutted Seattle boy/
The Portland boy who worked for U.P./
that was me.

I won't let him live. The "American"/
I'll destroy. The "Christian"/has long
been dead.

They won't pass on to my children./I'll
give them Chief Joseph ,the Bison herds.
Ishi. Sparrowhawk. The Fir trees,/The
Budda, their own naked bodies,/swim-
ming and dancing and singing/instead.

As I kill the white man,/the "Ameri-
can"/in me/And dance out the Ghost
Dance:/To bring back America, the
grass and the streams.

To trample your throat in your dreams.
The magic I work. This loving I give/
that my children may flourish

And yours won't live
hi'niswa' vita'ki'ni

RECORD REVIEW: FACULTY CONNECTION

Pickings were mighty slim this week — it seems no one is sending out promos anymore. Well, they're missing a huge hippy-artist market and it's too bad for them.

Too bad for me, too. All I got this week was one skimpy 45 promo with the same song on both sides! Such variety. The song is "Paper Castle" from the Rotary Connection's newest release, **Aladdin** on Chess' Cadet Concert. The Connection's first LP was reviewed last spring and I remember making note of this group's ingenuity. They seemed to have a good thing. Well I guess they thought otherwise. "Paper Castle" is a very good, up tempo number, but it could have been done by almost anyone. The burley, Barry MacGuire lead, the Hendrix-Cream guitar, the pounding drum and even the repetitious chorus come off sounding like a dozen other recent releases. The group is still quite polished, professional, and pleasing to the ear, yet somehow I've heard it all before.

— Bob Adamcik

RUBICON IS BACK

Rubicon is back. Row seating is new, music is still the best local hard rock and blues groups. Local Boston and New York groups.

Lights flashing still.

And anything else you got. Made a film? Noise? Maybe something else? Call OCcult 1-8129 Thurs., Fri., Sat., or Sunday evenings after eight, or come gesturing. Roil your eyes. Ask for Ed. Free fame.



PHOTO BY LYN WHITAKER

And if your stuff can be fingered, bring it to the Bare Essentials. A subset of the Rubicon Might sell it for you.

Free fortune.

All at 286 Thayer Street.

— Paul Bates

oh sam

OH SAM

oh U*N*C*L*E* sam

please try

harder

twist turn

wriggle

and s-q-u-i-r-m

with

PAIN

stomp on us

uncle sam

stomp Stomp STOMP

stamp stomp stamp stomp

pound

kerplg . . . kerplg . . . kerplg

look

the other way

we are not

here

are we

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANNOUNCEMENT

Saturday, October 12

6:00 - 8:00 p.m.

free skating party and informal
meeting for hockey team.

Bring skates . . .

— Peter Allen

STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

Tuesday, October 1

7:00 p.m.

College Building 412

ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING OF CAMERA CLUB

All perspective members of the Camera Club please report to the meeting in Room 425 College Building on Tuesday, October 1, at 4:00 p.m. to organize

ANNOUNCEMENT

Opportunities for Voluntary
Social Service

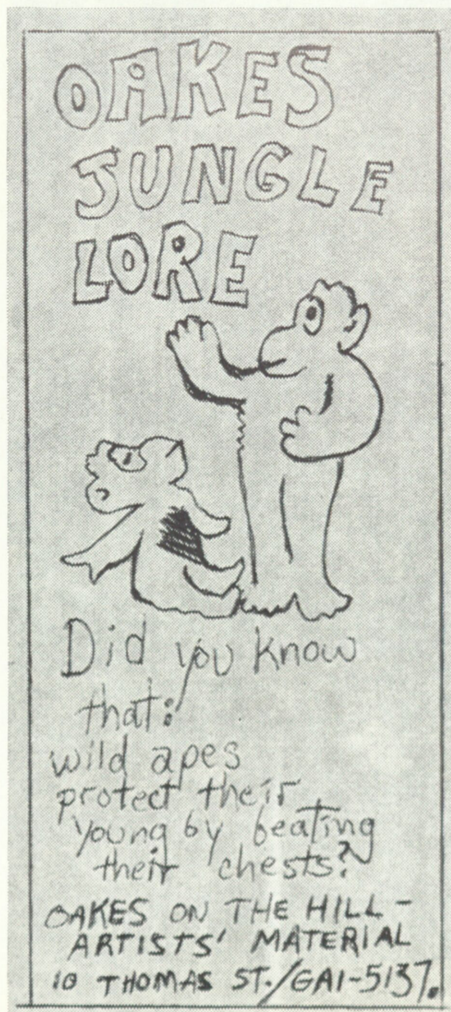
Alpha House, a halfway for Foxboro Mental Patients wants volunteers to supervise an art program. If interested come to the meeting in Room 425 College Bldg. at 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday, October 2. Miss Ludwin will speak for Alpha House.

Be a Big Brother or Big Sister to children in the Federal Hill section to open up new avenues of interest for them. The program is flexible 1-2 hours a week. If interested, sign up at SAO (Progress for Providence.)

NOTICE

The Brown University orchestra welcomes RISD students.

If interested, contact Mr. Fischer at Music Department for an audition. The address is 54 College Street phone: 863-2338.



CALENDAR

MONDAY, September 30

7:00 p.m. Gym — Basketball —
Alumni group.

TUESDAY, October 1

All day Student Lg. — Army Recruiting.

4:00 p.m. 425 — Camera Club —
Organizational meeting.

7:00 p.m. 412 Student Council
Mtg.

8:30 p.m. Tennis Club — Tennis
— sign up at S.A.O.

7:30 p.m. 425 — Peace and Free-
dom Comm. Mtg.

12 noon Gym — Dance Class

WEDNESDAY, October 2

4:00 p.m. 425 — Alpha House re-
cruitment Mtg. (volunteers).

4:45 p.m. 412 — Faculty Federa-
tion Mtg.

6:45 p.m. 430 — Motorcycle Club.

8:00 p.m. Boy's Club — Swimming

THURSDAY, October 3

12 noon Gym — Dance Class

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Film —
"A Place in the Sun."

FRIDAY, October 4

7:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Films —
"Bikini Beach" and "Muscle Beach
Party."

SUNDAY, October 6

2:30 p.m. Mem. Hall — Museum
Films — "Greta, the Misfit Grey-
hound" and "The Princess of
Patchin Place."

7:00 p.m. Upper Refect. — Catho-
lic Mass.

Memo to first-day acquaintances:
Just because we can't go steady
Doesn't mean we can't be friends.

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"HOUR OF THE WOLF"

plus short subjects
7:15 and 9:00

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SAT. & SUN. Cont. From 1:30

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perience!"** —Life Magazine
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